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Adventures of Tad;

— ON THE —
HAPS AND MISAPES OF A LOST SACHEL.
A Story for Young and Old.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE,
AUTHOR OF "PEPPER ADAMS," "BLOWN OUT
TO SEA," "PAUL GRANTON," ETC.

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CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

"If there had been any thing of much value in it," Mr. Forrest observed, watching Tad closely, "the owner would have been looking for it advertised in the city papers."

"Yes," returned Tad, "but then we shouldn't be any the wiser for that, down here in Bixport, for about the only city papers that come here are the *Congregationalist* and the *New England Farmer*."

"By George!" said Mr. Forrest, with a gay laugh, "my curiosity is considerably excited by that mysterious sachel. Look here, Tad!" he continued, with an extravagant display of teeth, "I'm one of the queerest fellows you ever saw, and I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you a new clean ten-dollar bill for the bag without seeing it—unknown contents and all; what do you say?"

"Couldn't think of it, sir!" Tad replied, quietly.

"Fifteen? Well," he continued, gayly, as Tad shook his head resolutely, "what will you take? Twenty? Twenty-five?"

"Why, it isn't mine to sell, sir," was the same grave reply, and Mr. Forrest muttered something under his mustache in reference to "an obstinate young fool," which Tad did not quite catch.

Further conversation on the subject was prevented by the sudden appearance of Polly Flagg, accompanied by Joe Whitney, on her way to school. Polly, who was a special favorite with Miss Smith, had permission to pick all the flowers she wanted. So, with a smile and nod to Tad, she began cutting a little bouquet of purple pansies for Miss Burbank, her teacher; while Joe, with one hand in his pocket, calmly munching a huge winter Baldwin, which he held in the other.

"Have a bite, Mr. Forrest," asked Joe, advancing the unbidden side of the apple, with easy familiarity.

To please the youth Mr. Forrest descended and unthinkingly set his teeth in a portion of the tempting fruit. Joe jerked away his hand suddenly, for some reason or other, and stood apparently transfixed with astonishment as he did so, for inserted in the apple which he held was left a very nice set of false teeth.

With an inarticulate exclamation Mr. Forrest grasped apple and all, and vanished through the gate, leaving a small party of three convulsed with laughter, which was only checked by the appearance of Miss Smith, who condescended to smile grimly when she heard of the unfortunate occurrence.



THE TELL-TALE BITE.

"False teeth, yes!—and, likely enough, that mustache of his is false, too," sharply said the lady, who had taken an unaccountable dislike to Mr. Forrest from the very first time she had laid eyes on him.

"If you take that rid'cule over to John Doty's you're a bigger fool than I think for," was Miss Smith's tart remark, when Tad spoke to her on the subject. "I'm free to confess," she continued, after a little, "that it mightn't be such a bad plan to open the bag, and see what's in it—that is, if Cap'n Flagg thinks it's the right thing to do," she added, for she had considerable respect for the Captain's judgment. But the Captain was away on a coasting trip; so the matter had to be deferred until his return, rather to the disappointment of Miss Smith, whose secret curiosity as to the contents of the bag had something to do with her suggestion.

So, when Tad again saw Mr. Forrest, he told him that he guessed he wouldn't do any thing about opening the sachel, for awhile longer, at least—perhaps he might see it advertised in some of the city papers yet, if he could only get hold of the right one.

Mr. Forrest smiled unpleasantly, and said, rather sneeringly, that he had kept run of the city papers as constantly as most people, and to his certain knowledge, no such advertisement had ever been published, nor would there ever be, as the owner was doubtless dead, or had long since given up the search of his lost property. Of course, Tad would do as he liked—it was nothing to him; and Tad noticed a decided chill in the tone and manner of the usually genial Forrest, as he turned away.

And yet, in spite of the gentleman's assertions as to the matter of the advertisement he carried in his inside coat-pocket a copy of the *Boston Journal*, which contained a notice of considerable importance to Tad Thorne, could he but have known it.

CHAPTER XII.

It was a lovely Saturday afternoon, and, of course, a half-holiday for Bixport youth. Tad had been very busy all the forenoon, as Mr. and Mrs.

Mason, of Boston, had arrived the night before, and taken the spare room. They were very wealthy people, who had boarded with Miss Smith for three successive summers, finding in the quiet of this secluded village an enjoyment that no crowded watering-place could give them. Tad had seen very little of them, and only noticed that the lady was rather stout and pleasant-faced, while the gentleman was also stout, and rather jolly. The name was curiously familiar, though, and he racked his brain in vain to think where he had heard it.

Tad always had his liberty on Saturday afternoon, and, borrowing Mr. Kenneth's big, flat-bottomed boat, he had invited Joe Whitney, Polly Flagg and the dog Bounce to go after lilies in Bixport pond—a beautiful sheet of water, not far from Deacon Whitney's.

"There's Mr. Mason and his wife already," said Polly, glancing ashore; "they always put up some lunch and start for the pond just as soon as they get fairly settled at Miss Smith's."

"And there are those two Boston girls that are boarding at Widow Simpson's—with Mr. Forrest," added Joe, with a slight chuckle, as he remembered the bitten apple.

"Come ashore and have some lunch, young folks," called Mr. Mason, who was a great favorite in Bixport, because, as they said, "he nor his wife put on city airs—if they were worth half a million dollars."

So the boat was headed for the shore, and, as it touched the beach, Polly, with both hands full of long-stemmed, fragrant treasures, jumped ashore—followed, more slowly, by Tad and Joe.

"John, dear, will you look at those lovely lilies!" exclaimed Mrs. Mason; and, at the sound of her voice, it all came back to Tad—the Pullman car, and the night journey to Boston behind Mrs. John G. Mason's chair, sheltered by Mrs. John G. Mason's cloak. How funny it was, to be sure!

The little party gathered round the lunch-basket, under the shade of some delightfully tall pines, and began to discuss a rather substantial lunch. At a little distance were the Misses Baker, two very nice girls of culture, from Boston—and, having said this, it is perhaps unnecessary to add that the younger were eye-glasses, and had brought a volume of Ruskin for light reading, while her sister, with artistic tendencies, was seated under a large white umbrella before an easel, making a sketch of Bixport pond in oils.

Mr. Forrest, who represented himself as of one of the first families of New York, was most elaborately dressed in a cool and becoming boating suit of cream-colored flannel; and when he arose from a very green mossy log on which he had been sitting, the effect of color was so striking as to draw an audible exclamation from the observant Joe Whitney.

"Say, Mr. Forrest," he called, with his mouth full of sandwich, "I wouldn't set down much in them white clo's—they're all streaked up behind now; besides, there's lots of bumble-bee's-nests round here."

Mr. Forrest, who had turned very red, did not receive the suggestion in a kindly spirit.

"Young man," he said, loftily, "allow me to say that your coarse familiarity is very unpleasant—have the goodness to attend to your own affairs."

"All right," replied Joe, with a wink of exquisite meaning directed to Polly, who shook her head at him warningly, and, after another attack on the catables, he sat in silent meditation.

"Got a pin, Polly?" he asked, in a low tone of voice, as he wiped a lingering crumb or two from his lips with his coat-sleeve.

"What do you want of it?" suspiciously returned Polly.

"Why—I want it!" was the unsatisfactory reply.

"Here's one, Joe," said Mr. Mason, with a regret to say, a somewhat humorous twinkle in his eye.

"Now, John!" expostulated his wife, as Joe, taking it, rose to his feet and strolled off, "what made you—you know that boy is always up to some kind of mischief."

But Mr. Mason, who had stretched himself at ease on the green sward, with his straw hat over his face, seemed suddenly to have fallen into a deep sleep, not unpunctuated by an occasional snore; so Mrs. Mason, leaning back against a tree-trunk, fanned herself languidly, and chatted with Polly, who was making a lily-wreath for her shade-hat, while Bounce lay looking on with lazy interest. Tad, hugging his knees, which were drawn nearly up to his chin, sat a little distance off, thinking how singular it was that, in a big world, he should again have met the owner of the fur cloak, and wondering what she would say if she knew the part she had played in helping him along on his way to Bixport.

It was one of those delightful summer afternoons when one feels disinclined to do any thing but dream away the idle hours. The clear, untroubled surface of Bixport pond reflected the drifting white clouds overhead, and the tall, whispering pines which bent over its margin, as faithfully as some great mirror. Far off, at the other end, a solitary loon sent out his quivering cry from time to time, while now and then the shrill note of the locust cut through the warmth and stillness of the air with monotonous persistency. The murmur of Mr. Forrest's voice, as that gentleman, mindful of Joe's warning, reclined gracefully at Miss Baker's feet, reached Tad's ears.

"Yes, Miss Baker," he was saying, "I am passionately fond of art, and, as what's-his-name says, the study of the beautiful is a—o—w—w—w—oh! oh!"

The wild whoop with which Mr. Forrest unexpectedly ended his aesthetic remarks startled the young lady so much that she dropped her palette, paint side down, full upon Mr. Forrest's upturned face, while he, springing wildly to his feet, began thrashing his person with both hands, shouting "Shoo! shoo!" as he madly danced about the green sward!

"I beg your pardon, ladies," he hastily exclaimed, as both the Misses Baker stared at him aghast, "but I fear there's a bee's nest in the vicinity; I have just been severely stung by one!"—But his explanation was

brought to an abrupt close by a singular noise, which—a seeming combination of stifled scream, repressed gasp and smothered laughter—proceeded from Joe Whitney, who, with a very



"SHOO! SHOO!"

red face and a long older stick, in the end of which was a pin, had suddenly and silently rejoined Tad and Polly.

"You—you young villain!" wrathfully ejaculated Mr. Forrest, as the truth suddenly flashed across his mind, and, with this exclamation, he made a sudden dive in Joe's direction; but the wary youth, evading his grasp, dodged under his outstretched arm with a hilarious war-whoop, and disappeared among the trees.

Mr. Forrest was very angry, particularly when he discovered that a smear of pea-green paint extended from his forehead downward across his nose to his cheek, though he made a pretense of laughing it off as a joke.

"Just dip my handkerchief in the pond-water, Tad, and wipe this paint off my face, will you," he said, throwing it to Tad, who, taking it in silence, scrubbed down Mr. Forrest's face till it was tolerably clear. But with the paint was a chalky substance from over Mr. Forrest's right eyebrow, and, too late, that gentleman clapped his hand to his forehead, with a slight exclamation. Tad's sharp eyes detected a small bluish scar on Mr. Forrest's temple, that had been skillfully hidden by a touch of French chalk.

"How are you, Jones," thought Tad, with a little twinge of excitement, which he carefully concealed, handing back the handkerchief with apparent unconsciousness of the sharp glance given him by the city-bred gentleman, who clapped on his hat with considerable haste.

Tad then rejoined Polly, who had risen to her feet, and, after talking a little with the amused Mr. Mason, the two made their way slowly homeward by the shady wood-road that followed the pond shore for quite a distance.

"Why, where is Bounce?" cried Polly, wondering what made Tad so unusually silent. "Here, Bounce! Bounce!" Bounce had grown into quite a sturdy, good-natured pup, with a gruff voice, and a propensity for picking up and carrying off any stray article that he found lying about. Sometimes it was Polly's slipper, or perhaps one of Mrs. Flagg's dish-towels; but, curiously enough, he never tore or destroyed any thing of the kind.

So, as, in answer to Polly's call, Bounce presently came rushing toward them through the bushes, Polly was not surprised at seeing something in his mouth.

"Naughty Bounce!" said Polly, with make-believe severity; "bring it here this moment, sir."

Bounce obeyed at once.

"Why, it's a folded newspaper, with Mr. Forrest's name on the edge," she exclaimed, as she took it from between Bounce's white teeth. "He must have dropped it out of his pocket when he jumped up so quick," added Polly, with a merry laugh, in which Tad, roused from his abstraction by the little incident, at once joined.

"You'll see Mr. Forrest before I do, Tad," Polly continued, as she extended the newspaper; "I wish you'd give it to him—somehow, I don't like him one bit."

"All right," replied Tad, taking the paper, "I'll hand it to him when I see him; though I don't fancy him much myself. But I wonder where on earth Joe is!" he added, suddenly noticing the prolonged absence of his friend and crony.

"Joseph is here, son of the pale-face!" suddenly responded a guttural voice from the roadside, "but his feet no longer tread the paths of peace, for they are set upon the war-path, and before another moon the scalp of the Forrest chieftain shall dangle in his wigwag!"

With this terrible announcement, a figure attired in a blanket shawl, with disheveled hair hanging about his face, which was adorned with alternate stripes of crimson, blue and yellow, burst forth from the bushes, uttering a fiendish and blood-curdling yell. He shook wildly aloft a white linen umbrella with one hand, while in the other was an article held in the manner of an Indian spear, which Tad and Polly simultaneously recognized as the younger Miss Baker's patent folding case. After allowing Mr. Forrest's anger a sufficient time to cool, Joe had wandered back to the shore, where he was at once chartered by Miss Baker to carry her shawl and sketching utensils back to her boarding-place, while Mr. Forrest took the little party for a row on the pond. The possession of such available material was too great a temptation for Joe, who had at once utilized them, with the effect I have just described.

"Ha! Ha!" cried the Indian brave, executing a fantastic war-dance in the middle of the road, while Bounce barked, and his two friends regarded his paint-smeared face with astonishment. "Does the daughter of the Lenni Lenape shrink back? Let her have no fear—the flower of his tribe wars not upon helpless women, nor does he fear even though the dread avenger be at his heels!" Perhaps the red man's utterance would have been less boastful had he known that the avenger, in the unexpected person of Deacon Whitney, was so close at hand. The deacon, having been hunting up a stray steer along the pond shore, had suddenly turned a bend in the wood-road in time to recognize his erratic son's voice.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SAME OLD GANG.

Reappearance in Public Life of Corrupt Republican Party Leaders.

There are many signs of renewed activity in the Republican party. There has been, so to speak, a vitalizing current directed toward its old leaders, and we have a great stirring among deal bones.

First to reappear was Hon. William E. Chandler, a representative Republican from New Hampshire. Mr. Chandler is a politician with varied convictions and a manipulator without conscience. When he enters a political contest he will win at any cost, law or no law. He will do all he can to get the votes, but his chief reliance is in the returning boards. His political maxim is: "I care not who does the voting if I may do the counting."

Mr. Chandler's methods were so contrary to law and morals that there came within his own party a revolt against him, and he was compelled to seek the seclusion which private life affords. For awhile he heard no more of the distinguished successor of Robeson, but after a short rest, convinced that the moral spasm had spent its force, and especially confident that the Republican party needed and was ready to accept the services of such adepts, he announced himself a candidate for the Senate and was elected.

The second gentleman whose reputation consigned him to privacy for a brief space was Mr. M. S. Quay, long distinguished as a political leader of a peculiar kind in Pennsylvania. Mr. Quay has been exceedingly serviceable, after a manner, in many political campaigns in Pennsylvania, and, conscious that the party is about to enter a very doubtful National campaign, Mr. Quay has been sent to Washington by the Pennsylvania Legislature, and what Mr. Chandler does not know of the dark ways and devious paths of politics Mr. Quay will teach him.

Hearing of a silent revolution which has resulted in once more bringing Mr. Chandler and Mr. Quay to the front, Boss Shepherd, who has been making mythical fortunes in the dim and distant West, returns to Washington, the scene of his former triumphs. His reception has been all he could expect. He is hailed as a martyr to puritanical prejudice against the violation of all the rules of commercial morality. The press and his personal partisans point to Washington as his creation, kindly drawing a veil over the financial history of the period, and saying nothing of the bills Congress had to pay. Shepherd proceeded on the Tweed idea, that if he let the people see something for the money he was spending, the disproportion between taxes and results would not attract attention. So he proceeded to dazzle the people of Washington, the press and Congress. He evidently believes the country is anxious to be dazzled again, and so he returns ready for the work.

In addition to the reappearance of these distinguished gentlemen ex-Senator Stephen W. Dorsey is discovered among the haunts of politicians and newspaper reporters. The reporter found him engaged as a good Samaritan in sending food and clothes to a man he once knew, and supposing that this is the kind of charity that covers a multitude of sins, the reporter concluded the country was eager to have Mr. Dorsey's views of the political situation, and he is interviewed at length. What he had to say is of less significance than the supposition that Dorsey again "has political views."

Chandler, Quay, Shepherd and Dorsey! Thus begins the new list of the men whom the Republican party delighted to honor and in whose breast hope revives under the belief that Hon. James G. Blaine is about to triumph over all his enemies to the endless confusion of the mugwumps who once forced these gentlemen into retirement. But where are Robeson and Belknap and a host of others who guided the destinies and disgraced the name of the Republican party in the brave days of old—Louisville Courier-Journal.

BLAINE AND WALES.

Matters on Which the Plumed Knight Can Enlighten the Old Prince.

The intimate relations between Mr. Blaine and England's Wales are well calculated to raise a flutter in the Republican bosom. It will not be a wholly pleasurable emotion, but a mingled flutter, so to speak, of pride and anxiety. There will be pride that the plumed one is recognized by the great ones of the earth as one of their own kind; but there will be anxiety also lest his intimacy with this particular great one may prejudice him in the fishing excursion upon which he has gone for the Irish vote. And, unfortunately, there is more ground for the pride than the anxiety. Aside from the fact that he is a Prince there is nothing great about H. R. H. He has achieved no distinction on the score of personal ability. He is neither wise nor learned except in court etiquette, and his moral reputation is seriously "off color." Except by virtue of his station he confers no honor or distinction upon any American citizen by receiving him upon terms even of equality; and he certainly can confer none on a citizen who has been exalted as Mr. Blaine has and who holds the position he does even now in the estimation of a large number of his fellow-citizens. Pride, therefore, in his recognition by the Prince, has an extremely flimsy foundation and will chiefly be felt by those of Mr. Blaine's admirers, who are given to toadism or anglo-mania.

For anxiety, on the other hand, there really are excellent grounds. What ever the Prince may be personally, he represents a system which Ireland and Irishmen have found harsh and intolerably oppressive and against which they are to-day in moral, as they may be at almost any time in actual, revolt. Even if the Irish were in a condition of mind to reason calmly and dispassionately on the subject, they might well wonder that a professed friend of theirs and a seeker for their support should run after one who embodies quite as much as any one person can the oppression they find so grievous. And not being, just at present, in such a condition of mind, the Irish are very

likely to do more than wonder when they see Mr. Blaine hob-nobbing with British royalty.

This, however, is a matter which concerns chiefly the Republican supporters of Blaine and his Presidential aspirations. To the outsider there is occasion for neither pride nor anxiety in his association with the heir-apparent to the throne of Great Britain and India. There is room, perhaps, for some curiosity. Knowing that a man of Blaine's attainments can gain nothing from the Prince, either of political or practical information, or even of insight into the habits of good society, one can not help feeling that it is the Prince who has sought the intimacy. So feeling, we must speculate somewhat as to his purpose. Is he after information as to diplomacy, the management of a lobby, the packing of caucuses, the use of "inducements" with legislators or the art of getting in "on the ground floor" of enterprises that need legislative aid? Or is he looking for points in the art of letter-writing and the propriety of letter-burning? If either of these is his object the Prince has struck the right man. More than any other American, distinguished or obscure, Mr. Blaine can enlighten Wales upon all these matters. *Detroit Free Press.*

DEEDS BETTER THAN TALK.

A Grand Army Organ's Impartial View of the Democratic Administration.

Among the declaration of principles submitted to the people by a political convention lately held in Ohio was the following:

"We condemn the action of Mr. Cleveland in vetoing pension bills, and especially we denounce the spirit manifested toward the maimed and disabled soldiers of the country in the language in which certain of his vetoes are couched, and we condemn as unjust and unwarranted his veto of the Dependent Pension bill, and declare that it was in plain violation of the Nation's pledge to its defenders and of the oft-repeated promises of the Democratic party of the North, made during political campaigns to secure votes. We demand of Congress that it pass, and of the President that he approve, liberal enactments relieving the soldiers of the country; that the helpless widows, regardless of the cause of death, dependent parents and disabled soldiers shall receive the bounty of the Nation; that they be saved, and which they richly deserve."

Comrades, we have no intention or desire to treat upon a political topic, or to endeavor to bias opinion for or against one party or another; but we wish to condemn and denounce this groveling and hypocritical method of fishing for the soldier vote, whether emanating from the councils of Republicans or Democrats, in State or National affairs. It is not essential to remind observing veterans that the same dose of sophistry has been prescribed to them year after year for the last quarter of a century, and the result is—still pleading and fighting for justice and recognition.

With us it is not which political party is the best, but rather which of them can make the greatest showing in favor of the veterans of the late war. There are two ways of looking at the question: one is, in the interest of the wounded and disabled veteran, the other from a standpoint of partisanship. We want nothing to do with politics in connection with the Grand Army of the Republic, and in publishing the following our only aim is to demonstrate the vast difference between deeds and words.

During the two years that President Cleveland has been in office, he has approved 863 private pension acts. Grant in eight years approved only 483. Mr. Hayes in four years only 303, and Garfield and Arthur in the same time 736. Besides this, President Cleveland has approved three general pension acts—the first, of March 19, 1885, increasing to \$12 the pension of 79,987 widows, minors and dependent relatives of Union soldiers; the second, of August 4, 1886, increasing the pension of 10,030 crippled and maimed Union soldiers of the late war from \$24 to \$30, from \$30 to \$36, and from \$37.50 to \$45 per month; and the third, of January 29, 1887, which has already placed upon the pension rolls 8,435 survivors and widows of the war with Mexico, and this number will be increased to at least 25,000 within the present fiscal year.

Besides largely increasing the pension list, the present Administration can boast of more Union veterans in its employ than ever before.—*Boston Grand Army Record.*

PRESS COMMENTS.

"Dear G. A. R.—The War is over."—*Milwaukee Journal.*

"Tuttle, of Iowa, will have to look to his laurels or Foraker will get up a reputation as the prize fool of the season."—*Boston Times.*

"Whenever the Republican party tries to stop waving the bloody shirt, it waves the party."—*St. Louis Republic.*

"Colorow is becoming the Tuttle of the frontier, but in the absence of cotton bales he handles other material."—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

"The talk of rivalry between Governor Hill and President Cleveland is Republican bosh. No good Democrat should be fooled by it."—*Buffalo Times.*

"If the Grand Army is to be swung into line next year as a portion of the voting strength of the Republican party the organization will forfeit a large part of the reputation it has possessed in the past."—*Boston Herald.*

"Here's to Iowa: may she pass under the control of true and faithful Democrats and come up to the support of the President and the party in Congress in their fight against the power of fraud, force and frenzy."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"Colwell Post, G. A. R. of Carlisle, Pa., and O. J. Crane Post, of Cleveland, have joined the long line of protestants against disloyal follies uttered in the name of the Grand Army. The latter's pronouncement seems to go to the heart of the matter when it says: 'This post looks with disapprobation and condemnation upon every and any demonstration of disrespect toward the legally-constituted Executive of the National Government, the same being subversive of the foundation principles of the Grand Army of the Republic.' Foraker never rose to such a pitch of patriotism as this."—*Chicago Herald.*

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